THE RUMPELTONIAN MANIFESTO

1.1 Being A Complete & Unambiguous Declaration of Artistic Intent, Principle, and Mild Defiance

Issued by Ralph Rumpelton, Painter

In the Year of Our Wobble, 2025

"Quality will never stand in the way of my art." — R. Rumpelton

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PREAMBLE

I, Ralph Rumpelton, being of sound mind and unsteady mouse hand, hereby declare the following truths to be self-evident, non-negotiable, and immune to the opinions of people who use rulers.

Art does not require permission.

Art does not require training.

Art does not require a stylus, a tablet, a gallery, a grant, a mentor, a movement, a degree, a beret, or a canapé.

Art requires only this: **the honest mark of a living hand.**

MS Paint is my canvas. The mouse is my brush. The wobble is my signature. The internet is my museum. The catalog is my legacy.

Let the record show I showed up.

ARTICLE I — ON THE WOBBLE

The wobbling line is not a mistake.

The wobbling line is evidence.

It is evidence that a human hand — uncertain, alive, gloriously unsteady — passed this way and left its truth upon the canvas. The perfect line tells you about the tool. The wobbling line tells you about the person holding it.

I honor the wobble.

I protect the wobble.

I will not smooth the wobble into a lie.

ARTICLE II — ON PERSPECTIVE

Perspective is a suggestion.

It was invented by Brunelleschi in the fifteenth century and has been causing problems ever since. My armchairs do not recede into the background because they have no interest in the background. My figures occupy space on their own terms. My skies exist where skies are needed, not where geometry demands them.

This is not ignorance of perspective.

This is **the rejection of perspective as a moral framework.**

The world is not a vanishing point. Neither is my art.

ARTICLE III — ON LIKENESS

I do not paint likenesses.

I paint **presences.**

If you look at my portrait of Jeff Lynne and think *that does not look exactly like Jeff Lynne,* you are correct and you have missed the point simultaneously, which is an impressive achievement.

The goal is not that you see Jeff Lynne.

The goal is that you **feel** Jeff Lynne — the era, the music, the sunglasses, the particular confidence of a man who wrote Mr. Blue Sky and knew it was extraordinary.

If you feel that, the painting has succeeded.

If you do not feel that, the painting has still succeeded, because you are now thinking about Jeff Lynne, which was also the goal.

ARTICLE IV — ON MEDIUM

MS Paint is a legitimate artistic medium.

I did not always believe this. For a time I accepted the hierarchy — oil above watercolor above digital, and MS Paint somewhere below a child's finger

painting and above nothing. I was wrong. The hierarchy is a gatekeeping mechanism dressed in the language of craft.

Every medium was once new.

Every medium was once dismissed.

MS Paint is the folk art of the digital age. It is the cave painting of the internet. It is honest, immediate, unfiltered, and available to anyone with a computer and something to say.

I have something to say.

I am saying it in MS Paint.

ARTICLE V — ON THE CATALOG

Every painting I make is numbered, dated, and entered into **The Rumpelton Continuity.**

This is not vanity.

This is archaeology in advance.

I am leaving a record for whoever comes looking — the curious stranger, the bored academic, the graduate student three decades from now who needs a footnote and finds instead an entire world. The catalog says: *this was real, this was intentional, this person showed up every day and made marks and meant it.*

The catalog is an act of faith in the future.

Long Live Ralph……Be Dead or Alive.

ARTICLE VI — ON CRITICISM

I welcome criticism.

Harsh criticism creates curiosity. Curiosity creates visitors. Visitors make up their own minds. This is the entire system working correctly.

I was expelled from art communities for crimes against perspective and spatial coherence. I started my own. This is also the system working correctly.

The difference between an outsider artist and an insider artist is simply documentation and persistence. I have both. I intend to continue having both until further notice.

ARTICLE VII — ON FAME

I am A1 on the jukebox and nowhere on the charts.

I am The World's Most Famous Unknown Painter.

These are not contradictions. These are coordinates.

I do not require your likes. I require your search engines. I do not need to trend. I need to be *findable* — by the right person, at the right moment, who reads one Thornbuckle review or stumbles across one catalog entry and thinks *what is this, exactly,* and goes looking.

That is enough.

That has always been enough.

ARTICLE VIII — ON IMPERFECTION

Imperfection needs no improvement.

The rough edge is not a failure to reach the clean edge. The rough edge is the destination. It is where the human hand lives — in the almost, the nearly, the close-enough-that-you-know-what-it-is.

Technical perfection is a closed door.

Imperfection is an open window.

Come in. Look around. Mind the wobble.

CLOSING DECLARATION

I paint because I must.

I catalog because the future deserves evidence.

I publish everywhere because the internet is the greatest archive humanity has ever built and I intend to be in it.

I write manifestos because ideas without documentation are just thoughts, and thoughts without documentation disappear.

I am Ralph Rumpelton.

This is The Rumpelton Continuity.

It will outlast us both.

Long Live Ralph……Be Dead or Alive.

Signed, sealed, and wobbled into existence,

Ralph Rumpelton *Painter, Archivist, Custodian of the Wobble Founder, Rumpeltonian Cubism Proprietor, r/MSPaintAnyAlbumCovers The World's Most Famous Unknown Painter*

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